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ELIZABETH PERCY;

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NOVEL.

ELIZABETH BECKY



1792
ELIZABETH PERCY;

A

NOVEL,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

IN TWO VOLUMES;

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. HAMILTON, NEAR GRAY'S-INN-
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1792.

ELIZABETH PERCY;

NOVEL

FOUNDED ON FACTS



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ELIZABETH PERCY.

CHAP. I.

MRS. Perryn being recently recovered from a dangerous illness, was calmly enjoying the society of her husband and daughter, when the sudden appearance of Stephen Perryn most charmingly increased their domestic joys. Stephen had been twelve months with his regiment in America, and his return was very unexpected. He was sent with dispatches; and his sister declared if they

VOL. I. B pleased

pleased the prime minister but half as much as they pleased her, the nation would doubtless be greatly the better for them. To the contents Sybella was a stranger; her wisdom and gravity (sex out of the question) would never have qualified her for a senator. Her dearest friend and companion, Maria Digby, so much resembled her in the gaiety of her disposition, that she would sometimes exclaim, "how is it possible so strict a friendship should exist between us? according to Richardson, and every humble imitator, one of us should be grave and sentimental, the other redundant with life and spirit." She would add, "such a regulation may have its merits, but Maria and I pant not to be heroines in a romance; we are simple un aspiring damsels,



damfels, not prepared for extraordinary events, or poffeffed with talents to relate them."

Such was Sybella's humility: but ſhe gladly ſeized the firſt leiſure moment to acquaint her friend with the unexpected arrival of her brother; which joyful event, together with the recovery of her mother, fully perſuaded her that gloomy inanimate philoſophers import a fallacious idea of human happineſs being unattainable. Maria Digby, having perſonally answered Sybella's letter, joined in laughing at the prepoſition.

Her parents, Sir James and Lady Digby, were partial to a country life, and

dwelt the year round on their estate in Devonshire: a consent for his daughter to visit her friends in London had just passed the baronet's lips, when the postman delivered Miss Perryn's letter. "Surely," said Miss Digby, "Stephen will not impute my visit to his family on his account; I must however prepare all my battery against his usual attacks of raillery." Maria's ammunition of that kind seldom failed; and she arrived in Harley Street, disposed to be as affectionate and entertaining as sensibility and vivacity could make her.

Her reception answered the fondest anticipation. She might seem too elaborate in accounting for *her* arrival so quick succeeding Stephen's. She felt

as if it was somewhat derogatory to female delicacy, if her heart had more of love than pride in its composition; it was not her place to expose its weakness; but Maria had almost from her childhood fancied herself in love with Stephen. At fifteen she accomplished two favourite points, for then she elected the said youth as the master of her heart, and his sister her bosom friend. Girls at fifteen, bred in the country, think such establishments necessary to their existence. Her friendship wore every appearance of permanence; but love requires maturer age for stability.

CHAP. II.

STEPHEN Perryn felt very happy in the society of his own family and Maria Digby ; yet wished to improve it by the addition of a friend whom he had long esteemed. This friend had a sister, who Miss Perryn did not fail to invite : and the amiable couple, by accepting the invitation, confirmed the idea Stephen had raised of them.

Charles and Lucy Bouchier were orphan twins. Their parents only lived to see their infancy, then bequeathed them to Dr. and Mrs. Linley, who were

not

not blessed with children of their own, and thought themselves enriched by so sweet a legacy.

Mrs. Bouchier and Mrs. Linley had grown in friendship as they grew in nature. When married they taught their husbands to assimilate in sentiment: and the survivors truly evinced their value for the deceased, by their parental care of the beauteous offspring.

Charles and Lucy inherited an elegant competence. The former, at his own request, studied divinity, in which Dr. Linley was an able assistant. The latter studied every ornamental as well as useful accomplishment, and nearly attained perfection in each. In person and mind

the twins bore the strongest resemblance. The tenderest sympathy existed between them, as if to crown Nature's endeavours with all possible success.

If Stephen Perryn felt the sincerest friendship for Charles, a tenderer sentiment must inevitably prevail for Lucy; in short he found her charms irresistible: and Maria Digby saw all the little castles her imagination had raised, vanish in the air: indeed she had some time began to look on herself as a ridiculous girl, for supposing, because Stephen and she had been playfellows they must necessarily be lovers. "A truce," she exclaimed, "with such nonsense: whilst I was a child I did as a child, but now I will cast away childish things." Beneath
Maria

Maria Digby's gaiety lurked no small degree of rationality, which assisted her to laugh at her juvenile passion, and return unfeignedly the kind of fraternal affection Stephen really felt for her.

CHAP. III.

ALL the pleasures Lucy Bouchier enjoyed in London were increased by a communication to Mrs. Linley; of which the following letter is a specimen.

Miss Bouchier to Mrs. Linley.

THOUGH immersed in the vortex of pleasure, fancy meets my dear Mrs. Linley in every scene. At the opera last night I thought you by my side. You smiled, or seemed to smile, at my ecstasies. Poudom enchanted me; but
such

such delights are transient. Let me mention those of a less sublunary nature; I love and admire the Perryn family beyond expression: condescension and dignity are blended in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Perryn; conjugal tenderness mark their lives, and their son and daughter are only such blessings as they merit. Stephen has been bred to the army, in which Fame speaks him to have established the name of a brave man. From the time he received his commission he has been on continual service; but now finds his inclinations more domestic, perhaps rendered so by his mother and sister, who on their knees have implored him to quit a military life; and it is rumoured he means to apply himself to physic, a study,

Charles tells me, he was always partial to.

Stephen Perryn appears to have an excellent heart, and a superior understanding, united to a person strikingly handsome; but he is too far led away by Fashion, an idol many worship; indeed her votaries are so numerous, that to be out of her train is next to being out of the world: you see then Stephen goes with the multitude: and he has other traits I do not wholly approve; he treats most women with an indifference that borders on contempt. As a new face and the sister of his friend, I have the honour to cause a relaxation from his general *nonchalance*. His lively sister hints that he is given to inconstancy, and

and looks archly at Miss Digby, who is the acquaintance of their childhood.— Let not the negligent Stephen any longer detain me from introducing you to those charming girls; they call me their Mentoria, from being of a graver disposition than themselves.

Miss Perryn's twenty-third birth-day was celebrated last Tuesday. At first sight you would not pronounce her handsome; her beauty opens to your view; by intimacy you see it in her smiles and her sprightly air; her brow is the throne of content, and each feature the initial of some decided virtue. Mary-Ann resembles her friend in disposition, but from leading a retired life is somewhat romantic.

Miss

Miss Digby's person is diminutive, but elegantly proportioned; a grace peculiar to her accompanies her actions; and her features are delicate and expressive. Stephen and Sybella call her their adopted sister; but if I mistake not her sentiments for the former are somewhat more than fraternal, which by attempting to hide she the more reveals. Cupid is a little whimsical marplot: I desire no acquaintance with the faucy urchin; but should he take me by surprize, you, my dear madam, shall be my confidante, which promise I will now sign and seal.

In my next I will mention Mr. Peryn's brother Lord Carey, who is this night to be of our party to the Pantheon.

Tell

Tell the dear Doctor, I miss his agreeable morning summons to the library; his councils are engraved on my heart, to which you are both inexpressibly dear.

LUCY BOUGHIER.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

MR. Perryn's family and visitors passed their time in a routine of amusement. The admirers of the young women were numerous. Lucy Bouchier was accused of monopoly; unconscious of her charms, she was surprized, and not greatly delighted at their effect.— Lord Carey, brother to Mr. Perryn, on the verge of fifty, appeared in her train; and Stephen Perryn began to feel she was absolutely essential to his happiness; The Perryns were perfectly disinterested, yet Lord Carey's remaining a batchelor to so late a period, had led them to imagine

gine he would never marry; and it was an event by no means desired.

Stephen could scarcely believe his uncle serious in his attachment to Miss Bouchier; but his parents felt a disappointment impending to the hopes they had formed for their darling son. They knew their brother to be morose and austere, and disproportionate in years to Lucy Bouchier; but he was a peer of the realm, ready to possess her with dignity and riches; every way a match the world would think her mad to refuse. Apprehension opened their eyes wide where they were so materially interested, but closed them to Lucy's real character. Affluence shielded her from the lure of riches.

riches, and dignity she despised, except that which resulted from innate worth; but were it possible she could barter her peace for such attainments, her friendship for the Perryns was sufficient to withhold her from any act in the least prejudicial to their happiness. Lord Carey ever met them as relations; yet the family had not that share in his affection their merits claimed: the brother differed in politics. Sybella sometimes prattled him into good humour; and Stephen by his military conduct gratified his pride; wherefore his lordship did not countenance his idea of renouncing the army; besides, he meant to assist his nephew in climbing the ladder of promotion.

The

The human heart is perverse; and Stephen Perryn's not less so than his neighbours'; he determined to seek in the doctrine of *Æsculapius* the advantages it seemed to promise. Stephen's character was too complex to be entirely amiable, though in many respects exemplary. No man delighted more in the performance of a good action; yet to be taxed with it was his aversion. He might too readily give into the customs of the world, yet those of nature had his hearty approbation. He would shrink from the emotions of sensibility as if fearing to be guilty of a weakness. In short, his judgment and his feelings were perpetually at war, when, if the one had been clear as the others were amiable they must ever have been in unison.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

LUCY Bouchier possessed a quick discernment, which led her to develop Stephen's character with uncommon precision; it interested her more, perhaps, than she was aware of. An incident the one day witnessed both pleased and puzzled her: going to Mr. Perryn's study to seek a book, she caught Stephen in deep conversation with a venerable old man, whose discourse had affected him even to tears; but on her appearance he laughed aloud, saying to his companion, "Well, my old boy, we shall crack a bottle and sing a catch together

together yet." Lucy withdrew ; rightly judging a tale of distress had touched his heart, which his disposition disdained to own. To make a parade of humanity was dissonant to her own feelings : ostentation, she would say, disgraced the sentiment, but throwing a veil over nature was wholly unaccountable to one so unaffected.

Lucy felt herself wonderfully happy at Mr. Perryn's ; the whole family became dear to her ; she partook with delight of the amusements going forward, because they were interspersed with numberless domestic pleasures : but the happiness she was wont to receive and bestow met with an interruption unexpected and unpleasant.

Charles

Charles Bouchier by degrees withdrew from their family parties, in which he had hitherto seemed mutually happy. One night a box had been engaged at Covent Garden theatre for the tragedy of the Count de Narbonne. Charles dined at home; and that he would partake of the evening's amusement seemed highly probable. Whilst drinking coffee he exhibited that kind of reverie which wraps the conversable talents in a napkin, and draws every particle of animation from the most expressive countenance, leaving a vacant stare and distended mouth, in lieu of pleasanter lineaments. So sat the youth, sipping, or seeming to sip, his coffee, (for the cup was empty) and twirling the spoon, as if the only relaxation the world afforded him.

Sybella

Sybella tapped him ; he started : “ Did you speak, Miss Perryn ? I am all attention.”—“ To your own agitations you appear so ; but have you not forgot a distribution of your bright thoughts is a debt to society ; besides we shall be sufficiently dismal at the play.—Apropos, Mr. Bouchier will you do me a favour ?”—“ Certainly.”—“ *Certainly ;*” reiterated Sybella : “ a favourable answer, though somewhat laconic. Well, all I ask of you is to take charge of a few pocket handkerchiefs for me, being vastly prone to weep at any doleful ditty of love and murder.”—“ I wish,” returned Charles, “ I could take so pleasant an opportunity of witnessing your sensibility.”—“ And will you not ?” said Sybella ; “ I will be a perfect Niobe to increase

increase your satisfaction."—"May you never have cause to be affected by any but imaginary sorrows." And he mechanically walked to his hat. Every voice exclaimed, "Charles, we shall all be offended if you do not join us at Covent Garden." Whilst he paused, and looked distressed, Sybella twitched his hat, placed it carelessly on her hair before a glass, and vowed she became it amazingly. "O," she cried, with an archness quite her own, "I could soon lounge and look sapient as well as the best of you."—"Teazing girl!" said Charles, impatiently; and, before she was aware of him, caught his hat from its new situation, and with a triumphant flourish left the room. Sybella looked vanquished, and his sister disappointed; indeed

indeed her chagrin prevented observations from the rest of the party; most of them suspected some fair lady, “in whose smiles Diffimulation sat, as at her home,” lured the young man from safer joys; that stranger things had come to pass, the youngest of them might know.

They went, however, to the theatre. Lucy was closely attended by Lord Carey; his views became obvious even to his nephew, who owned his lordship’s behaviour to Miss Bouchier was past a joke.

Stephen beheld it too with uneasiness, yet rallied Lucy on her conquest: he was ever strenuous to approve, indifferent when most susceptible. His uncle being

his rival, no doubt clouded his prospects: a young man both elegant and worthy, had little reason to be jealous of one more than old enough to be his father, with the gout, and a substantial winter cough, frowning a disposition naturally morose. No, Stephen feared not that Lucy would be captivated by any such *agremens*, but he foresaw numberless inconveniencies in his uncle's meeting with a refusal, where he dared to hope. On this disagreeable subject he was intent, but not so much so as to blind him to his friend Charles's reserved conduct, who left him, as well as the rest of the family, in the dark, as to the occasion of his being so frequently absent. No! Stephen felt it; but when questioned on the subject, declared there
was

was nothing particular in his friend's conduct. Confinement (he added) was irksome to a man of genius: women were apt to expect their male relations should be tied to their apron strings. Lucy found little comfort in such conversation, though she secretly believed Stephen was affectionately attached to her brother, and would do his utmost to draw him out of any snare he was likely to fall into. Such, however, were Lucy's feelings on the occasion, that she wrote the following letter to Mrs. Linley.

“ I HAVE been silent some time, my dearest madam, from dreading to interrupt your peace, and paining a heart that has ever shewn itself so tenderly interested for my brother and myself.

C. 2

“ My

“ My dear Charles, who never till now caused me any emotions, but those of pride and pleasure, is so mysterious in his conduct, that I am terribly alarmed, lest this gay metropolis, so baneful to mortality, should have injured principles I thought immovable.

“ Those in whom he once confided, he now carefully shuns. He will be absent whole days, and either retire unseen to his chamber, or offer the most insignificant excuses. Is not this some foundation for the principal judgment I have formed? I am not only unhappy in the fear of my brother being led away by vain pursuits, but shocked at his apparent rudeness to these amiable people, who have studied in union to gratify
our

our tastes and wishes. It is true Charles talks of gratitude when with them, as if the genuine spirit of it warmed his breast; but words without deeds are the smoke of an offensive incense.

“ Stephen Perryn seems to think my anxieties and interferences overstrained and absurd. This young man would have others as insensible as he appears. How comes it; my dear madam, I cannot refrain giving him credit for good sentiments, though he never utters them ?

“ At my request yesterday, Mr. Perryn, senior, sent, when we imagined Charles was dressing, to desire his company in the study ; but Charles was gone out in dishabille, nor does he ever appear but

when Mr. Perryn is engaged in company; neither do I see him but at those times; and particular subjects, you know, cannot be introduced at a card party, or when general conversation is requisite. Thus he eludes us all: and I can no longer stifle my complaints, though it is as painful to extract them from my heart, as arrows from one that is wounded. But to whom do I complain? to my kindest best of friends, who sees with the eye of lenity, and judges with mildness; convinced of which, I bid you adieu; for after this subject I am unfit for any other.

“ Your affectionate

“ LUCY BOUCHIER.”

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

THE day after Lucy, in the fulness of her heart, had sent her letter to Mrs. Linley, an eclarcissement took place respecting her brother, which turned the complaint she had made to her own condemnation, and exerted Maria Digby's refibility; who vowed she should never forget the sister's swollen eyes, the frettings and consultations of the elder friends, and sympathies of the younger, from the fallacious, the illiberal idea, that a young man could not turn to right in London, but of necessity pursue the straight-forward path to variety and vice. A dissipation of unea-

finess deprived Maria of any inclination to taciturnity; but she listened attentively with the rest of the party, whilst Charles, in some perturbation, related the following little narrative.

Mrs. Percy, he said, was the amiable relict of an unfortunate unthinking man, who had inherited an estate of three thousand a year, of which a passion for gaming bereaved him. Many inferior losses preceded this capital one.

The superfluities of life were unavoidably relinquished, and at last the simple necessities more than his wretched family could obtain. Percy viewed his self-wrought misery with the eye of repentance: had his wife uttered reproofs; had

had his sweet Elizabeth said, "Wherefore am I deprived of the ornaments you once loved to see me wear?" he might have exerted himself to answer them; but the increased tenderness of the uncomplaining sufferers placed the injuries he had done them in a more tormenting light. He secretly made one effort to retrieve his shattered fortune. The refuge was such as gamesters fly to; but instead of comfort, disappointment and deeper horror became his portion. In fine, he died a victim to the passion which had enslaved him.

All sorrows had been sunshine to the dark cloud which now enveloped Mrs. Percy and her daughter. Despair seemed to take possession of the former; but

Elizabeth, in the midst of horrors, found a gleam of hope. She seized her pen; and unfolded the melancholy tale of a parent's decease, and impending indigence, to Lady Glanville, a distant relation of her mother's. Lady Glanville was deeply affected; and personally requested their immediate consideration of her house as their home. An offer so generous and consolatory, Mrs. Percy could not refuse; herself and daughter became domesticated at Lady Glanville's.

Elizabeth's heart exulted in having hit on an expedient to draw her mother from the scene of all their woe; and she praised Providence for present relief, so did Mrs. Percy; but she, alas! could not help looking into futurity. Dependence

pendence was a state she had been unaccustomed to. Her health visibly declined. She felt overwhelmed by the obligations of her kind friend. Elizabeth argued thus, "Were I Lady Glanville, I would act as she does; and surely she is rewarded, as I should be, by the sensations benevolence creates." This parallel was an instance of Elizabeth's goodness of heart, but not of her experience, nor did she find it hold good. In an exalted sphere, she would not have enacted from the objects of her bounty to follow her will in opposition to their own. But Lady Glanville followed this arbitrary sentiment.

A man of consequence was charmed with her young relation, and ready

to endow her with wealth and grandeur: but he pleased not Elizabeth; and her mother shuddered at his suit, for he was eminently addicted to that vice which had deprived them of their all. Lady Glanville persisted in urging the match; and finding she could not bring Mrs. Percy to her opinion, did not neglect to hint, some spirits were prodigiously humble, to submit to continual favours without using a single effort to repay them. How gross must this sound! to persons of feeling it was insupportable.

Mrs. Percy took the first opportunity of her ladyship's absence, and leaving a letter of thanks on the table, removed with her daughter to the house of a person who had lived a domestic in
her

her family. Here she found herself sheltered from insults; but ease and plenty were left behind.

Another exertion took place on the part of Elizabeth. She foresaw a plan to shield herself and parent from actual want; was she successful it might do more. "And blest, for ever blest," she exclaimed, "may that hour be which renders me the instrument of pouring balsam on my mother's sorrows."

In her days of prosperity she had, for amusement, and to improve herself in the art, taken likenesses of many of her friends, and never failed of success. This elegant talent she now exerted to keep poverty at a distance. The humane were
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happy to encourage industry in a young woman of eighteen, and the less thinking, who merely employed her to gain the resemblance they wished, were amply gratified.

Charles Bouchier had long promised his picture in miniature to his sister; and hearing of Elizabeth as being particularly ingenious and amiable, he took her address, and called on her. Elizabeth's appearance astonished him; that she was beautiful, he had not heard; a sedate young person, of a decent exterior, he most probably expected to see; but when he beheld a form replete with elegance, a countenance, where sweetness and dignity united their charms; he shrunk, as it were, within himself,

at

at the idea of presuming to hide talents so conspicuously bestowed for a different purpose. Yet from her dress Elizabeth derived little consequence: she wore a white gown, fastened round her waist by a black velvet cestus with a plain gold buckle, and on her head a large fine muslin cap, as if to conceal a profusion of light brown ringlets and part of her face. Her address was easy, but so enchantingly modest as to envelop her whole form in loveliness: so Charles expressed himself on the subject. In viewing the fair artist he nearly forgot the occasion that drew him thither, and chatted on indifferent subjects till Mrs. Percy came into the room, whose emaciated, dejected appearance filled him with as much pity as her daughter's had struck

ELIZABETH PERCY.

struck him with admiration. Her asking Elizabeth if Lady T—— had sent for her picture, fully reminded Charles of his errand, who took his first sitting: nor did he fail, while so fair a creature was tracing his features, to take a faithful copy of her's on his heart. She did not detain him so long as he wished; but requested his company next day.

He was punctual to the appointment: but instead of admittance received an apology. Mrs. Percy being so ill as to prevent her daughter's application to business. Disappointed, and wishing to mitigate sorrows he felt a share in, he retreated; but the next day, though Mrs. Percy was not better, he would not be denied; but begged as a friend

to

to make personal enquiries; and almost mechanically he entered the apartment, where there seemed to be a contention between Elizabeth and a physician, whom she wished to see liberally with the earnings of her industry, but he as strenuously refused, and Charles's appearance for awhile suspended the business. "I am sorry, Sir," said she, turning to Charles, "you have the trouble to call so unsuccessfully; but, alas! my mother's illness is my melancholy excuse, which I trust you will accept." He assured her he was deeply interested for Mrs. Percy's recovery; and came not on business, but for permission to enquire daily on the just subject of her anxiety. Elizabeth bowed consent, having neither

ther courage to utter an affirmative, or repulse such kindness.

Mrs. Percy was then trying to sleep, which, if she obtained, the doctor said, might have a salutary effect; and took his leave. Charles felt loath to follow his example; but soon perceived his presence was a restraint on Elizabeth, from her frequent glances towards her mother's chamber. He therefore withdrew, infected with sadness he had witnessed. To dissipate his melancholly, or rather exhaust it by indulgence, he took a solitary ramble, never considering his absence rendered his friends uneasy. The next day carried him impatiently to Miss Percy's door: as it was opened, a faint shriek

shriek saluted his ears; his heart informed him from whom it issued, and without ceremony he ran up stairs. He found Elizabeth supported by Dr. L. She had screamed and fainted on learning, though in the gentlest terms, that in all human probability her beloved parent had not many days to live. When the afflicted girl in some measure revived, she looked wildly at her supporters; and breaking from them, flew to her mother. They followed, and found her on her knees, praying most fervently that the doctor's sentence might be averted. Mrs. Percy, who was sensible of her approaching dissolution, intreated her to be composed. "My child," said she, "I go to that Good and Supreme Being, whom I feel will recompence

recompence to you my loss, and amply reward your virtue. Yes, this blessed assurance gladdens my last moments." Elizabeth was dissolved in tears; but Mrs. Percy said she felt enabled to comfort her; and the Dr. and Charles withdrew together.—Together they extolled Elizabeth's filial excellence, and deplored her destitute situation when bereaved of her only parent. The sentiments of Dr. L. and Charles were so congenial on the subject, that they separated with the highest opinion of each other.

Charles was still more unfit than the day before for the converse of his friends, and so studiously avoided them. In his next visit to Miss Percy, she not only remained wretched on her mother's account,

account, but deranged and agitated, as if some event, extraordinary and disagreeable, occasioned inward struggles of contempt and grief. "Good Heaven," said she, "how have I deserved this treatment." Scarcely could she collect herself during Charles's short visit. He conjured her to confide in him as in the most affectionate of brothers: but she was inexorable as to the cause of this new affliction; and sympathizing, though remaining ignorant, he left her.

CHAP. VII.

EACH day Charles had been more affected than the last with the account of Mrs. Percy's sufferings. At length the servant informed him she was released from every pain: and Miss Percy had given strict injunctions not to be intruded on by any person whatever. Charles sighed deeply, and obeyed the mandate; but flew not to the solitude he had hitherto courted. To his sister he imparted every circumstance of his acquaintance with the lovely mourner. Dr. L. who had known Elizabeth from her infancy, had enabled him

him to tell her story, which had deeply interested the hearers. His former reserve, he said, was to avoid the raillery he should have met with had the affair been known, and in consideration of Elizabeth's delicacy of character, which was not to be sported with. Such were his ideas of it, that he dared not renew his visits now she had lost her mother, unless his sister and friends would endeavour to engage her friendship, and prove his respect for her situation. Lucy, accompanied by Miss Perryn, instantly accorded with his wishes; and by the kindness of their intreaties gained admission to Elizabeth, who appeared to them Grief personified, and wholly unfit for the conversation of strangers; but Lucy and Sybella were ever at home, when
the

the sorrowful were to be comforted, and innate generosity called forth; their efforts allayed, if they could not mitigate, sufferings so severe. Nothing could prevail on Elizabeth to quit the house till Mrs. Percy's remains were interred. Mr. Perryn benevolently undertook the regulation of the funeral; and immediately after that, Miss Percy became a visitor in Harley Street.

Still she remained mournful, but aroused to gratitude by the unhop'd for blessings she experienced in the society and friendship of persons so truly worthy.

Charles Bouchier's conduct had certainly wanted candour relative to Miss
Percy,

Percy, but a young man, just awakened to the sentiments she inspired, is not wholly himself.

To his partial sister the event entirely justified him. She blamed herself for too hasty conjectures, and wrote as follows.

To Mrs. Linley.

“ I AM still angry with myself; still
abhor the unjust suspicions I entertained
of my dear brother. I will believe in
future your knowledge of Charles to be
superior to mine. You were certain,
from the whole tenor of his disposition,
it was no easy business to lead him astray,

and kindly resolved not to believe him in the wrong, till proof positive appeared.

“ This, my dear Mrs. Linley, was generous and liberal. Your precept has hitherto been my law, your example my guide. Never did I feel them more forcible than in this instance. Henceforth behold me unsuspicious as yourself, ever cautious of injuring the innocent, by judging without deliberation; forget, I beseech you, my recent error of that nature, and, if I can, I will forget it myself.

“ The amiable Elizabeth is as chearful as we can possibly expect; she accepts with gratitude your invitation; and I shall be infinitely happy to introduce so pleasant an addition to our society: she
shall

shall be as my sister, shall partake of the numerous blessings I enjoy ; and like me, she will consider your friendship as one of the first. We shall embrace you on Thursday. I am, dearest madam, ever yours,

“ LUCY BOUCHIER.”

C H A P. VIII.

MISS Bouchier's intentions towards Elizabeth were exactly as she expressed herself; to make her as a sister, share her affection and fortune; and gladly she embraced the opportunity of diffusing happiness, when real merit, and uncommon loveliness so deeply interested her feelings: besides, her brother's wishes were ever the summit of her desires. She saw, though he spoke not, his heart was in the cause: and Doctor and Mrs. Linley ever concurred in deeds of benevolence, as the fruit of their own good works, but Elizabeth was not to be introduced

roduced at the Rectory so soon as she imagined.

Lord Carey had a seat about twenty miles from London, whither he most pressingly invited the Perryn family and their guests to pass a fortnight. His lordship brought his neice and Maria Digby into his scheme, by promising them balls and *fetes* in abundance : in short, it was something whimsical to quit London at this season, and it boasted the greatest diversity of amusements, and they readily consented ; but Charles and Lucy resisted till resistance was nearly rude.

It was evident the attention was meant to Miss Bouchier ; therefore all she urged against complying, was vain, and the

next post carried a disappointment to Doctor and Mrs. Linley. In addition to Lucy's letter, Sybella wrote the following billet.

To Mrs. Linley.

“ POOR Lucy ! I am really afraid, my dear madam, her sensibility will impair her constitution ; to pine thus, and whine on every occasion is intolerable : it is true the spirit of a free born English person, is naturally tenacious of its rights ; but if they will submit to lay violent hold on people's affections, they must also submit to such punishment as justice requires.

“ Now

“ Now Lucy Bouchier is accused of this misdemeanor by various persons. Mr. and Mrs. Perryn, and their daughter Sybella, scruple not to say she has robbed them of their warmest friendship. One Maria Digby has alike charge against her : and the Lord Carey, with his nephew Stephen Perryn, solemnly aver she possesses both their hearts. These persons, therefore, with one consent, resolve to detain the said Lucy three weeks from the date hereof, according to the legislature of their love and friendship.

“ Charles Bouchier and Elizabeth Percy have the same laws in force against them : and it is humbly hoped, Doctor and Mrs. Linley will listen to the de-

cree, with that amiable submission their lives are famed for. Pardon this intrusion of, dear madam,

“your respectful

“SYBELLA PERRYNN.”

CHAP

CHAP. IX.

CHARLES Bouchier accepted Lord Carey's invitation decidedly against his judgment; he feared the becoming his Lordship's guests would greatly strengthen his views concerning his sister: he well knew they would never be answered; and anticipated resulting evils. Such were his ideas, when, with the rest of the party, he alighted at Carey Manor; where a new display of taste and magnificence surprised his Lordship's relations, and confirmed certain notions.

"Yes," said Miss Digby, "these superb vases of eastern manufacture, these inlaid

Pembrokes of wonderful workmanship, and luxurious bamboos, are all fresh imported to thaw Lucy's icy heart; and is it in the heart of woman to withstand such powerful temptations? I could not, because I have a rational taste for the vanities of the world; but Lucy is strangely different."

Maria thus laughingly did herself injustice; few being of a more disinterested nature. She remarked also that his Lordship had not only improved his mansion, but himself. Instead of the stern look which once contracted his brow, chilling as a hoar frost, a refulgent complacent smile diffused a genial warmth; for despair had taken no hold of Lord Carey's imagination: a bachelor, near fifty, was

too well experienced in the caprices of the fair sex, to be repulsed by averted looks, and twenty other symptoms of insensibility.

He doubtless perceived his nephew's partiality to the same object; but he could not suspect Stephen Perryn of such notorious folly and disobedience, as not to sacrifice his own happiness, when a patronizing uncle's was in question: though it required little penetration to discover in whose favour the lady, when called upon, would decide.

The day after the party arrived at Carey Manor, a dance was given to the surrounding gentry. Amongst others Sir Edward Lumley and his son were in-

vited. The latter just returned from his travels, intelligent and handsome; nor was Maria Digby displeased when he requested her hand. Stephen Perryn, knowing his uncle's gout would not permit him to partake of the amusement, asked Lucy to be his partner; and Elizabeth exhibited with Charles.

In dancing, Elizabeth shone unrivaled; the symmetry of her person, the ease and lightness of her gestures, never failed to charm every beholder. Her cheerfulness began to return; sorrow gave place to that submission true piety ever bestows; and if her grief had commanded tender pity, her resignation inspired the sincerest admiration: in short, she hourly gained on the hearts of her new friends: if she
had

had any allay to the pleasure she felt in their approbation, it was the idea of being overwhelmed with lovers she had little prospect of ever repaying. Elizabeth, whilst under Lady Glanville's roof, had not been incommoded by such a sentiment, but experience taught her, this was not an age for "all things to be in common."

CHAP. X.

THE days glided on at Carey Manor in the pleasantest succession, till his lordship proved an innovator on the pleasure he had studied to promote.

Lord Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Perryn, their son and daughter, with Lucy Bouchier, were one morning chatting on various topics, when my Lord chose a particular one; and intreating Lucy's attention, began formally to declare, in the presence of his relations, that ever since he had known her, her charms had inspired him with the tenderest sentiments,

which

which he had endeavoured to evince; but remaining uncertain whether his attention had been contrived to his wishes, he begged he might then be informed if his person and fortune were deemed worthy Miss Bouchier's acceptance. "They are," replied Lucy, "beyond my most sanguine expectations; and the being so distinguished by Lord Carey, will render me for ever grateful." Here she paused and looked around, as if to gather aid and comfort.

Mr. and Mrs. Perryn were eagerly catching her words as she uttered them; Sybella appearing to mind her netting; and Stephen standing with his face to the window to conceal his emotion. As
o my Lord, such frightful raptures took
possession

possession of his countenance, that she began to think she had appeared conformable, where she was most averse, nor was she mistaken. “Amiable creature,” cried his lordship, “the obligations will be wholly mine.”—“O No!” exclaimed Lucy, (choosing the fewest words) “I never can be yours; think of me as the affectionate friend of yourself and family, but none other can I ever be.” My Lord seemed to choke with anger; but from Stephen’s bosom a leaden weight was removed; all pretensions to indifference were forgotten; his feelings for once glared openly, and he threw himself at Lucy’s feet, thanking her, with incoherent joy, for the words she had pronounced.

Lord

Lord Carey arose from his seat, and raved like one distracted: his brother intreated him in vain to hear reason.

Mrs. Perryn and Sybella were the images of wonder and affright; and Lucy, from a variety of emotions, burst into tears to indulge them. She broke from Stephen, and ran to her own apartment. Sybella hastily followed her, Lord Carey's frantic rage then subsided into that fullen kind of displeasure, which says little, and means more.

At that juncture, Maria Digby, without having encountered Lucy, entered the room; the looks of the whole group raised her curiosity. "My Lord," said she, "I would ask you to escort me
in

in a ride, but I think it seems a tempestuous morning.”—“ You are sarcastic, Miss Digby.”—“ Rather tell me I am mistaken ; and that chearful beams will soon disperse the present clouds.”—“ Excuse me,” replied his lordship, “ I am not disposed for trifling.” Upon which he haughtily left the room. “ I declare,” said Maria, “ I am glad he has made himself scarce, for he has quite deranged every pleasant idea ; and if he continues so crabbed, I hope it will turn all the wine in his cellar.” But upon hearing what had happened to raise his choler, Maria was unfeignedly sorry, but notwithstanding could not omit rallying Stephen for giving so ill-timed a proof of his sensibility. “ You have hitherto,” said she, “ concealed your feelings

ings as if they were contraband goods; but treason will out, and spite of all former efforts, you will no longer be looked upon as a stock or a stone." So saying, she left them to seek Lucy; who she found bewailing her charms with as much acrimony as some poor deluded female, whose beauty had wrought her fall. Maria, wishing to enliven her, advised her to slit her lip in imitation of the nuns of pious memory; drawing three, four, or five front teeth, would doubtless make an alteration for the worse: "and suppose," said Maria, "you have your eye-brows shaved, and snip your eye-lashes, to complete the change." "Pshaw," said Lucy, "I ask not such ridiculous advice; tell me how to restore the peace I have invaded, and I will thank you."

you." But that was a task Maria was unequal to. My Lord on his part locked himself in his study, inexorable to every overture towards a reconciliation: his guests, finding the common laws of hospitality were infringed, and that their presence was no longer wished, departed on the eve of the following day, heartily repenting their visit to Carey Manor. Lucy, on her arrival in London, wrote as follows.

To Mrs. Linley.

" OPEN your friendly arms, my beloved Mrs. Linley, to receive your Lucy, who left you unburthened with care, but will return far otherwise.

" You

“You almost shudder at this preface; but I alone have cause for sorrow; who have introduced such discord into the Perryn family, that I fear my own feelings will never again be harmonized. My confusion is great, though the cause, you may believe, was involuntary.

“The excursion to Carey Manor, I told you did not please me; but I little thought my aversion would be so painfully justified. How has Lord Carey deceived himself! I ever treated him with that respect his near connexion with those I love inspired. Independent of that, neither his mind or his manners interested me; and indifference to his most particular attentions marked my conduct: whence then, could his lordship draw

draw such different conclusions? only of a certainty from his own determined spirit. I have more to tell you when we meet: I shall be at Northampton on Sunday, accompanied by Miss Percy and my brother. Oh, that I could meet you and the dear Doctor, with spirits more adequate to the pleasure of embracing you.

“LUCY BOUCHIER.”

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

CHARLES Bouchier, before he had bid his friend Stephen farewell, intreated him not to neglect the most strenuous endeavours to appease his uncle. Conjuring him, if he really loved his sister, to relinquish pretensions no power could realize, whilst a disunion with so near a relation must be the consequence.—“Talk not thus,” said Stephen; “your sister shall be my arbiters.” Upon which he sought Lucy, and told her he was ready to resign every dependence on his uncle; for without Lord Carey’s favour, he was enabled to offer
her

her a competence ; but his love for her, and the fond hope of a return, was become a part of his being, and could only end with that. In short, Stephen used all the arts that lovers use ; and Lucy was brought to confess, that could time do away the present difficulties, he might not hope in vain : but she remained wholly inflexible as to being his, till Lord Carey was brought to reason, and even gave his consent.

This was clear and decisive, but presented almost a forlorn hope to Stephen ; who dreaded the obduracy of his uncle's disposition. Mr. and Mrs. Perryn entirely applauded their son's choice ; and ever moderate in their wishes, though studious for their children's happiness, made

made up their minds, to bear with fortitude the event of Lord Carey's displeasure.

The parting was affecting on all sides; Elizabeth departed in the best spirits, for she exerted them to cheer her friend; besides she had been a stranger to the tranquillity of the country ever since her father's death, and every scene was to be endeared by the presence of Charles and Lucy, the one had introduced her to happiness, and the other, by every delicate attention, restored to her that peace of mind misfortunes had greatly shattered. She had said to Lucy, "I fear Doctor and Mrs. Linley will think you too generous; patronised by my new friends, let me pursue that mode of

subsistence in which I met with some success; and should it fail, I can but apply where I have already experienced so much goodness. Forgive me," she added, "if I pain you by this subject, but my dear friend, that

"Heaven, whose bounty inexhaustible flows,
"Not daily bread on idleness bestows."

"And are you idle, my dear Elizabeth, whose talents are hourly exerted to improve and amuse all around you, and whose virtues, by being truly exemplary, confer a continual obligation?"—"Such praise from you," said Elizabeth, "is grateful, though dangerous; I shall grow vain."—"Then shew your humility," replied Lucy, "by not obliging me to enumerate your merits; and rest
affured

assured Doctor and Mrs. Linley are prepared to love you; so far from thinking me too generous, as you term it, they would despise me could I omit an opportunity of doing good; but, till you know that worthy couple, you cannot conceive the delight with which they participate in all that pleases me." Thus assured, Elizabeth determined to drop the subject, and, on her arrival at the rectory, met a reception consonant to all she had heard of the worthy inhabitants.

Charles Bouchier seized an early opportunity to confide in Dr. Linley the sentiments he felt for Elizabeth. "You are young, my dear Charles," replied the Doctor, "to think of matrimony; and

I fear the world will condemn an hasty consent on my part, to an union so far beneath your expectations." — "Beyond them, you must mean, Sir; for are not Miss Percy's accomplishments and person superior to every woman you ever saw?" The Doctor acknowledged she possessed every grace art or nature could bestow; but so it was that men were sometimes attached to appearances in opposition to their innate sentiments, in his opinion, grasping at a shadow and neglecting the substantial good." — "Then your opinion," said Charles, "shall be my guide;" and without waiting for the Doctor to advance any thing further, he left him to join Elizabeth in the garden. He told her, Heaven had seemed, by the singularity of their meeting

meeting, to design them for each other ; and, if she beheld him worthy of so great a felicity, his hand and heart were at her disposal.

To describe Elizabeth's confusion, would only be a repetition of scenes often depicted. It was not the first time Charles had said he loved her, and she believed him with the same faith she believed his sister ; but that he meant to unite himself with an unconnected, unportioned girl, had never entered her imagination. The disinterestedness and generosity of his intentions suspended every faculty :—after a transient silence she exclaimed, “ Good Heaven, I thank thee, for giving me this consequence where I owe so much ! but, oh, preserve

me from consenting to fill a station, that virtue, wealth and beauty, may most amply adorn." Charles took great pains to convince her she could not implore for him any blessing more supreme than it was in her power to bestow. Her expressive countenance betrayed some struggles, but she positively refused his suit, unless fortune gave her an opportunity of evincing she was as disinterested as himself.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

LETTERS from London brought information that Stephen Perryn was gone, in a fit of melancholy, to study physic at Edinburgh; and that Sybella intended shortly to visit her amiable friends at the rectory, Maria Digby having left her almost forlorn. Maria had been summoned home soon after the Boucheirs and Miss Percy left London; and on their arrival in the country, wrote as follows, to her friend Sybella;

“ I HAVE the pleasure to inform you that Digby-house is exactly situated

as it was an hundred years back ; the village curs saluted me as I approached, and the sleek-headed swains, with their rustic mopsies, by their scrapes and curtesies, bid me welcome ; yet such demonstrations of pleasure scarcely diffused any to my heart, so much was I affected with parting from my dear Sybella ; it was only the sight of my parents, and their affectionate embraces, could dissipate that regret.

“ As yet I have scarcely missed my late round of diversions ; a continual succession of company has, these three days, prevented me from writing. Impatient beings, not to give me some respite ! Do you know I felt inclined to receive them in my dressing-room, with

with gowns hung round it, like masquerade-dresses at a warehouse, and bonnets, caps, &c. conveniently placed for examination. This plan might have been whimsical, and somewhat satirical, but not injudicious; for well I know the female part of the company came more to see how far I was modernised by my jaunt to London, and to discourse of fashions, than from motives of kindness. Now to have opened the whole magazine to their longing eyes, would at once have gratified them, and saved me an immensity of trouble; and what provoked me, they seemed least to comprehend when I took most pains to explain. Mrs. Siddons, the learned pig, and all the modern rages were discussed. "And pray, Miss Digby," said Mrs. Appleby,

“ what sort of an *expedition* was it this year ?” I supposed she meant to ask if I had a pleasant exhibition ; and replied, “ a very agreeable one.” — “ Vast fine paintings, I suppose ?” — “ Do you mean, Madam, at Lord Carey’s, or Mr. Perryn’s ?” — “ I mean at the *expedition*.” — I actually coloured when I replied, the exhibitions were not yet open. Without perceiving her error, she proceeded, “ Well, I am glad to hear that ; I declare, Dicky, you shall send your fine picture of a landscape there. What signifies having such fine *talons* as your’s, if you can hide them in a napkin.” — Young Appleby, who is really decent at his pencil, was confounded by his mother’s ignorance, nor was it disregarded by her husband ; but for him I have no
pity ;

pity ; I always think men deserve such shocks, who condescend to marry their domestics ; but how I while away my time with such insignificants ; let me impatiently ask if Lord Carey is likely to relent, and fifty other questions, equally important ; but my pen is silenced ; an elegant phaeton drives up the avenue, and Lumley springs from the charming vehicle. I am lost in astonishment, for I thought him rattling when he declared, at Carey-manor, he would visit Devonshire for my sake. I am not displeased, however, he has rattled here, and will put on my best looks to receive him.

“ Your affectionate

“ MARIA DIGBY.”

C H A P. XIII.

SYBELLA's visit to the rectory was a delicate instance of her friendship for Lucy suffering no diminution from the late transaction. The idea was received with full force, and amply repaid, by the affectionate reception she met with. She found Charles and Elizabeth on the terms she had anticipated, that is, mutually enamoured of each other; the scruples on the part of Elizabeth she advised her to surmount, but could not gain her point.

Amongst other news, Sybella had to inform Elizabeth, that Lady Glanville
had

had made a very particular enquiry after her; but not being authorized to be as particular in the answers, she had only informed her her relation was domesticated with Miss Bouchier, at Dr. Linley's, and gave the address. "Bless me," said Elizabeth, "what can this mean?" "It means, I hope," returned Sybella, "that her Ladyship repents her harsh usage, and will treat you again as she ought to do." This conversation was passing, when a letter arrived for Miss Percy, from the identical lady; it ran thus:

"DEAR ELIZABETH,

"AS the poor woman is no more,
who supported you in your disobedience

ence to my commands, I will endeavour to forget the treatment I received from you both. As an orphan you claim my pity, as a relation, my assistance; and since you are compelled to go out in the world, I will endeavour to find employment for you under my roof. I dare say you will be very happy to be no longer under obligations to strangers; therefore suppose it will not be long before I see you. Give me notice what stage you come in, and Hodges shall meet you at the inn. A trifle I hope will not part us a second time, being

“Your sincere friend,

“SEIENA GLANVILLE.”

A most

“ A most courteous invitation,” exclaimed Elizabeth, “ giving the letter to Miss Bouchier, who declared, on reading it, it was a most contemptible performance, and not even worthy an answer.”—“ I am only hurt,” said Elizabeth, with her eyes brim-full, “ that she should mention my mother so disrespectfully. No ; I would sooner starve than owe my subsistence to any person who does not love and venerate the memory of that dear sufferer.”—“ Nor shall you,” said Charles, “ be incommoded by a single favour from any of Lady Glanville’s description ; and let not any thing she can say interrupt you tranquility.” Elizabeth determined however to answer the letter, which she did as follows :

“ DEAR

“DEAR MADAM,

“I N whatever light you view me, I am obliged to you for the offered favour and protection, but have the pleasure to inform you, I am now situated beyond my most sanguine wishes. The kindness I meet with is unbounded; and if I talk of dependence I am instantly silenced by the tenderest rebukes. In short, I am taught to believe my presence encreases the happiness of the most amiable persons I ever met with; so far from being overburthened by such obligations, they have lightened that weight of sorrow I have severely felt since I saw your Ladyship.

“Believe

“ Believe me sensible of your past
and present favours, being,

“ Dear Madam,

“ Your respectful, and affectionate

“ ELIZABETH PERCY.”

C H A P. XIV.

ELIZABETH hoped nothing she had written could be taken amiss, for so far from wishing to offend Lady Glanville, she could not, without being grateful, remember the sorrows from which she had once relieved her. The letter, however, was dispatched, and in less than a week an elegant post-coach and four appeared in the court-yard of the rectory, and a courier announced Lady Glanville. Elizabeth turned pale with surprise; and when her Ladyship alighted, could scarcely command her voice to receive her; but soon recovering

ing

ing herself, she expressed a real pleasure in having an opportunity of presenting her kind friends to a relation she had reason to respect.

Lady Glanville made many speeches to the whole group, on their generosity and goodness of heart. Charles bowed amongst the rest, but looked as if he thought what passed, a smooth surface, but not fathom-proof. The young man was somewhat prejudiced; he liked not that Elizabeth should be favoured from ostentation; he wished every one, like his friends and himself, to oblige her as a tribute to her merit. But Lady Glanville was a common character; if she did good it was to make the world talk, more than to please herself; she was studious

dious, however, to follow a meritorious example, for any person being loaded with favours from another quarter, was sure of her particular consideration.

Lady Glanville and Mrs. Percy's mothers were sisters. The elder married a gentleman from India, of immense fortune, and had only one daughter, whom Lord Glanville married, more for interest than love. The youngest married an officer, and had several children, but only one daughter grew up, whom they gave, with a small portion to the unfortunate Percy, whose fate has been already related.

Lady Glanville remained two days at the rectory, full time enough to view the
light

light in which Elizabeth was esteemed. She was not even a stranger to Charles Bouchier's sentiments for her young relation, but she learned also that he could not gain the encouragement he wished. Her Ladyship particularly invited Elizabeth, and her friend Lucy, to pass some time with her in London; not being long returned from thence, they excused themselves for the present, but promised not to neglect so kind an invitation. Elizabeth justly thought the countenance of a person of rank would credit those friends who had raised her from obscurity, as well as herself. Lucy had no other objection to revisit London, than from an unpleasant apprehension of meeting Lord Carey; but an unexpected event took place, which removed that idea.

C H A P. XV.

IT has often been observed, that a provoked man will sometimes whip off his nose to be revenged on his face. Now Lord Carey, seeing his audacious nephew dared to oppose his wishes, when they were devoted to Hymen, thus argued; “The young mercenary judges, that by marriage he will be deprived of certain expectations, for which reason I will apply where I am sure of success; due time will produce an heir, and the impertinent fellow will effectually be kicked out of every hope.” His Lordship’s imagination fired at the thought,
he

he drank two bottles of claret more than his usual quantum, and prepared to visit a family where there were two daughters, with good persons, little fortunes, and great ambition. As he crossed the hall to his carriage, he caught a glance of a nymph unusually fair, and neatly attired. He said he had changed his mind, ordered the carriage to be put up, and returned to his fire-side, where he desired that young woman, pointing to the damsel, might follow him. She obeyed; upon which he took a close survey of her face, and asked her name. "An please your Lordship, it is Bridget Browne; I am daughter to your Honour's laundress, and my mother and I both *strives* to give your Lordship satisfaction."—"I am sure I am very happy to

to have so sweet a creature employed in my service ;” so saying he caught her hand. “ O, please your Honour,” returned she, “ I am poor, but I value my reputation ; pray, I beseech your Lordship, let me go.” But the Peer was smitten, and detained the fair one till he almost deprived her of her senses, by promising to make her Lady Carey. She ran with the news to her mother, who primmed up, declaring she had washed her hands of washing cloaths ; and lost no time in taking Bridget to the milliners, mantua-makers, &c. my Lord having amply supplied her for the purpose. In short, a few days made Bridget Browne a lady ; and Lord Carey’s housekeeper, not chusing to be subservient to such a mistress, gave up her place,

and

and carried the news to Mrs. Perryn, who wrote it to her daughter, who transmitted it immediately to her brother; and Maria Digby, the next post, brought letters from both.

Miss Digby to Miss Percy.

“LORD CAREY has really carried his resentment to wonderful lengths. If to vex his nephew was his sole motive for marrying, I laugh to think his Lordship will be disappointed, when he finds, that instead of placing bars against Stephen’s happiness, he has removed what intercepted it; and as your uncle might have effected that, by marrying in his own sphere, I am concerned he has disgraced his rank. Do not fancy,

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though, I had an eye to the prize; for I by no means envy Miss Bridget; I merely regret she should be taken out of her element, though I dare say she is far from considering herself an object of pity. That men run from one extreme to another, rarely preserving the happy medium, is a known truth; and truly, Lord Carey, finding he could not attain the summit of perfection, in Miss Bouchier, has crept down the hill, or rather leaped, all at once, into the lowest pit he could have fallen.

“In my last, I told you of Lumley’s sudden appearance; he staid but two days, and no short time neither, considering he came but for two hours.—He was going to Cornwall, and could

not

not pass Digby-house, without paying his respects to his fair partner. You see I was so well pleased with his speech that I give it you verbatim; in short, I believe I looked, as I felt, very glad to see one with whom, at Carey-manoor, I passed several pleasant hours.

“Sir James and Lady Digby received him with their accustomed hospitality. He must see the grounds of course. My father, you know, piques himself on his knowledge of agriculture. We had sauntered an hour, when Lumley looked at his watch. Sir James would not hear of his departure, and he dined with us. That sociable meal ended, backgammon was proposed, the men were drawn out, and the game began; my

mother and I took our work. A hum-drum party you will say, considering who was present. In the intervals of the game, my father urged Lumley to decline all thoughts of leaving us that night; he readily consented to stay, and I sat quaking, lest my father's civility should be construed in a light I did not wish. I should not have been so apprehensive, had I known as much then as I do now. Miss Musgrave came in to tea, I thought she looked uncommonly handsome in spite of the affectation she abounds with. Lumley was civil to her, but when "he talked of love he only looked at me." He sings charmingly; music was the amusement of the evening. The next day, being Sunday, my father would not suffer the cattle, nor the

the stranger to depart his gate. The stranger, not to be behind hand in courteousness, took rather a precipitate opportunity to say soft things to his entertainer's daughter, who, though it is not very usual with her to lose her *addresse*, blushed, and looked but silly; infomuch that the youth was encouraged to go on with his tender tale, and adduced a sufficient argument to plead his cause with my father. What the event may be, I cannot precisely say, though you, with your wonted discernment, may give a shrewd guess. My mother was so far interested in the cause that, in private, she bid me wear her favourite cap; the natural colour of my hair was vastly more becoming than powder; and added some advice on what most people

would think a more material point. Observing it was much easier to gain a conquest than preserve the empire; and she hoped, since I had sufficient merit to perform the one, I had also sense to accomplish the other; "for Mr. Lumley," continued her Ladyship, "is well born, and well bred; it is not to-day or yesterday, we have heard of his virtues, and those of his ancestors. I remember his family as long as I remember Careymanor." That, I believe, my dear Sybella, may be forty years, for I know my mother was indebted to the late Lord for many of her infantine pleasures.

"I must tell you, we took our fine gentleman to church; the girls, Miss Musgrave in particular, peeped through the
veils

veils of their bonnets, and tried in vain to be devout; they were obliged to put off their piety till another opportunity.

Lumley left us the next morning, but is to visit us again a fortnight hence, accompanied by his father, when I suppose you will expect a long detail of all that is said and done; in the mean time do not fail to write. I am impatient to know if you mean, on your return to London, to visit your lady aunt. Remember me, in the kindest manner, to your amiable *coterie*. Do not forget you are to pick May-flowers with me, and that no event of my life can be completely satisfactory without your presence. Being, ever dear Sybella,

“Your most affectionate

“MARIA DIGBY.”

Stephen Perryn to his Sister.

“YOUR dear epistle, the herald of good news, I pressed to my bosom, and in raptures exclaimed, “Lucy Bouchier will then be mine!” Something more I might utter, and in a louder key than usual, upon which my landlady’s daughter came running into my apartment, “Oot awa’ mon,” said she, “ken ye whom ye are tauking to? for the the Laird’s sake be silent, or Maister Satan may gi ye an answer.” I caught the lovely lass, and told her I was only pouring forth a short ejaculation to the God of love, a deity I had some time worshipped. An English girl, in her situation, would have smpered, and thought herself the object of my passion,

sion, but Annie, keen as the air she inhales, guessed the letter she saw was from my love; and bidding me answer it immediately, for the lassie might be impatient, tripped away. You see I have obeyed her; nor need you, Sybella, prim up, and look lofty, for I do assure you Annie is as modest, as innocent, with as much vivacity, as yourself.

“ If I do not animadvert on the grandeur of our new connection, you will think I am only sensible of the advantages I derive therefrom; I cannot in conscience condemn the cause, when the effect affords me so much pleasure. Had the Peer been smitten by a dowager of threescore, instead of a girl of nineteen, I should have been still more in the exta-

tics; and, on such an occasion, felt more alert to salute an old lady than a young one. To have every wish gratified in this mortal state, must not be expected; and by some strange hit, I have taken it into my head that moderation with Lucy Bouchier, is preferable to luxury without her. I mean to tell her as much of my mind, and depend on your canvassing to support my interest.

"Your affectionately

"STEPHEN PERRYN."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

THE whole party at the rectory rejoiced in Maria Digby's approaching happiness. They thought it rather a sudden business, though Lumley had betrayed strong symptoms of admiration at Carey-manor; and his worth and connections could not fail to be instant letters of recommendation.

Lord Carey's marriage gave no pangs to Sybella's disinterested heart; on the contrary, she scarcely partook of her brother's delight on the occasion, not doubting but his union with Lucy might

now take place, without giving her uncle offence. Lucy still persisted his Lordship's consent should precede her compliance, and certainly felt as if that alone impeded her happiness. She answered Stephen's letter to that purpose, and her brother wrote to him as follows:

“SINCE you find joy in your uncle's marriage, I sincerely congratulate you on the event; but say, my dear Perryn, should Lucy now consent to be your's, will no regrets arise for the loss of Lord Carey's favour? Will you never say, *but for thee it had never happened?* Pardon me, I know you generous and disinterested, but untoward circumstances sometimes impel us to appear what we abhor; and on Lucy's heart reproaches

reproaches might sink deep. Therefore, my friend, examine yourself ere it be too late. I beseech you, reason deliberately, and may the result be for your felicity. Your sister pleads your cause with her usual eloquence, and has able supporters; no doubts are admitted, and only the zeal of fraternal love can excuse mine.

“On my own affairs I have little to say. Elizabeth inviolably adheres to her resolution of never being mine, unless fortune should change in her favour. She is doubtless Lady Glanville's nearest relation, who, in a generous fit, may behave handsome; but I have a strange repugnance to our amiable protégée being under obligations to that woman.

Did

Did she not endeavour to make her the wife of an abandoned libertine? Did she not let Mrs. Percy languish in sickness, with no other support but her daughter's industry? Nor, till Elizabeth was otherwise provided for, did she vouchsafe to notice her. Miss Percy, however, cannot forget Lady Glanville's attention at one melancholy crisis, and seems to esteem her. She and my sister return to London, with Miss Perryn, to fulfil their promise of visiting her Ladyship for a few weeks. I know not how I shall submit with becoming resignation, to the capital loss our society will sustain.

"From every idea I still recur to that of Lord Carey's inconsistent marriage.

You

You must make up your mind, my dear Stephen, to hear many comments you may not approve ; but let them not affect you. If your uncle has deranged his dignity, let it be far beneath your's to support his conduct. Where we are interested, we are apt to suppose even general conversations to be pointed ; an error I trust you will not fall into ; and as you are in many instances apt to curb your natural warmth, I have few fears on the subject. From the whole tenour of my letter you may think me too speculative, but remember I am,

“ Sincerely your's,

“ CHARLES BOUCHIER.”

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

MISS Boucheir was no longer averse from meeting Lord Carey; and not being able to prevail on Sybella to stay longer, she accompanied her and Elizabeth to London. Sybella's presence never failed to give delight to her parents; and Lady Glanville received the two friends with apparent kindness and pleasure. Elizabeth, on entering her house, felt numberless painful emotions, but strove to check them, in the idea of rendering herself agreeable to Lady Glanville; for amongst a variety of accomplishments, and strong susceptibilities,

tibilities, she abounded in common-sense; and though singularly happy in those friends Providence had raised her, she seemed to derive comfort from her natural claims on Lady Glanville, who now gave her all the consequence of her relation, and treated Miss Bouchier with uncommon distinction.

Lucy was not displeased at the change of scene, rendered doubly agreeable by being so near the Perryns. Sybëlla was on the wing to be present at the nuptials of her friend Maria; but Stephen was shortly expected to sue for his uncle's consent, and renew a subject to which she had not been inattentive. The Perryns, in order to pave the way for Stephen's application, determined to pay the

the new married couple a bridal visit. These intentions were accordingly announced, and received more courteously than expected. Sybella prepared to feast on the *etouderies* of the new made lady; but when she beheld her, her innate good nature, and natural affection for her uncle, withheld every propensity to laughter. The Lady Carey's dress and address most pointedly marked her origin.

My Lord seemed, as as it were, to brave all censures, and to receive the visit of his brother's family as a tribute to his dignity, and concession for their late conduct. Mr. Perryn really loved him, and, on any terms, was pleased at a reconciliation; besides it is the pride of a good mind not to feel an intentional

intentional injury ; and the Perryns proved to Lord Carey, by their overtures at that juncture, how much they thought him at liberty to please himself. My Lord did not prove insensible to their attentions ; indeed, from his behaviour they had every reason to hope he would no longer be averse from Stephen's marriage.

Thus Sybella was in a fair way of seeing her brother and her friend established in the conjugal state ; and it was her own fault, that little prospect appeared of her following their example. A Colonel Medway, of the Guards, had long admired her, and his father and her's greatly wished the union ; neither was she averse from
Medway's

Medway's person, but his profession was to her an insuperable objection; she declared she had suffered too keenly whilst her brother was in America, ever to marry a soldier.

CHAP. XVIII.

COLONEL Medway visited at Lady Glanville's, and did not scruple to declare to Miss Bouchier and Elizabeth, his partiality for their fair friend; such were his powers of persuasion, that they soon became interested in his cause; particularly Elizabeth, whose kind sympathy, and gentle disposition, seemed, when conversing with her, to win him from the uneasiness occasioned by Miss Perryn's untoward resolutions; he was under great anxieties too concerning his father, who was gone for his health to Montpellier.

Elizabeth

Elizabeth was somewhat surpris'd when Lady Glanville told her Mr. Medway had been a particular friend of her father's, and had not neglected to enquire after the family, when last in England. "At that time," said her Ladyship, "I was not qualified to give him satisfactory answers; one is not over-anxious," added she, "to expose the misfortunes of one's family."—"Alas! no;" returned Elizabeth, sighing deeply, "yet the sight of an old friend, might have shewn my mother she was not quite forgotten;" but checking a seeming reproof to her Ladyship, she continued, "then Mr. Medway, Madam, is not a constant resident in England?" She was told it was his country, and his home; but not approving

ing

ing hired tutors, he had accompanied his son in the grand tour, and not viewing things cursorily, they had been absent many years. After his return, Mr. Medway passed some months at a seat in Staffordshire, where he experienced so severe an illness that the air of Montpellier was advised, to eradicate the effects of it. His son was indefatigable in his attendance, and would have accompanied him abroad, but was in daily expectation of a summons to join the troops in America. Circumstances concurred to prevent Mr. Medway's visiting at Mr. Perryn's, when Elizabeth was at his house, or she certainly would have felt a satisfaction in being introduced to one who had known her family; and she
fervently

fervently wished he might be restored to his son and country in perfect health.

The day Miss Perryn set off for Devonshire, to join her friend Maria, Col. Medway flew to Elizabeth for consolation. Lucy began to rally her on the subject; declaring it was high time for her brother to interfere. "Indeed," replied Elizabeth, "the regard I have for Colonel Medway interferes not with that I feel for Mr. Bouchier. I am sorry for the Colonel's situation respecting Miss Perryn, and could I, by word or deed, change her resolution, I should be truly happy; but not feeling equal to the arduous task, I cannot avoid evincing my concern on the occasion." A letter, at

that

that moment, from Sybella to Lucy, ended the conversation.

To Miss Bouchier.

“WE are making due preparations for Maria’s approaching nuptials. The bridegroom elect arrived last night, all joy and rapture. I remember you thought him too tall when he danced with Maria at Carey-manor; he only appeared so; his person, I assure you, is unexceptionable; and what with Maria’s graceful exactness, and Lumley’s easy lounge, they will be no ill-proportioned pair.

“The young ladies in the neighbourhood are all suing to be second bride-

maids; Miss Musgrave, I believe will be chosen to fill the post; she is a pretty, melancholy girl, in love, no doubt; but we will not suffer her to be sad on the happy day. Maria declares Miss Musgrave's pensiveness is of a very late date, and half suspects Lumley as the cause. Lumley, in whose company she has not passed many hours; what a misfortune are such susceptible hearts, ever ready to receive the soft impression!—How strangely mine differs! Yes, my dear Lucy, “I would be wooed, and not unfought be won.” A male creature must bow to me, and vow to me, many a long day, before I believe him; and not till I can put implicit faith in all he says, can I be sensible to the smallest partiality in his favour. Am I not a prudent damsel?

damself? And with such ideas must I not think it passing strange, that any of my sex should pine and whine for one by whom they were never distinguished, and who possibly bows at another's shrine? Yet this, if Maria judges right, is Miss Musgrave's case, and she means to ask her for her bridemaids. I tell her it will seem like exultation, a cruelty contrary to her nature.

"See," returned she, "the difference of opinions! My reason is, I would have Miss Musgrave suppose me ignorant of her predilection for Lumley. She has been of all my parties from my childhood, and were I to omit asking her to my wedding, would instantly suppose I guessed how her heart was affect-

ed, which would doubtless mortify her more than being at the ceremony." I listened, but could not coincide. I hope your visit to Lady Glanville continues as agreeable as when I left you. Pray, dear Lucy, have you seen my uncle? In pity to his delectable bride, keep out of his Lordship's way; some latent sparks of fire may rekindle in his bosom, and an old flame renewed, stands a greater chance of burning clear and bright than the little smোক and smother just created.

"Lumley tells me the horses are ready; and I am engaged to take a long ride with Sir James. Sir James Lumley is my constant beau; not forty-six, with an elegant person and address, who would not
be

be vain of being distinguished by him? He is not in the army, you know; I wish none of my acquaintance were, but *such things are*, and submission is our common lot. A moral reflection is so uncommon with me, that I will conclude whilst I have the credit of it. Tell Elizabeth I love her, and believe me your's,

“SYBELLA PERRYN.”

C H A P. XIX.

“**I** THANK Miss Perryn for her love,” said Elizabeth, “and I cordially return it; but I greatly lament so amiable a creature should have the smallest shade in her character. I cannot help thinking she is partial to the Colonel, and greatly fear she will incur the censure of coquetry, without actually deserving it.” In short, Elizabeth felt more interested in the business than she could express; but it did not prevent her partaking of Lucy’s disappointment, whose meeting with Stephen Perryn was unavoidably deferred; some etiquette in

in his new study detaining him in Scotland some weeks longer. He wrote, however, to his uncle, wishing him happy in his conjugal state, and asking his consent to follow so good an example.

Lucy sometimes met Lord Carey in mixed parties, and shared alike his general attentions. He appeared more melancholy than formerly, and could not fail to be mortified by the constant vulgarities of his lady. In her own sphere she might have remained an useful member of society, but, exalted above herself, she was often, like Phaeton, in danger of falling beneath the notice of even common mortals. Contempt secured her from the shafts of satire; with undaunted courage she braved all re-

proof, and looked as much as to say,
“ Blame not me, but my Lord.”

Dr. and Mrs. Linley, but most of all Charles Bouchier, reminded Lucy and Elizabeth of the long time they had been absent; Lady Glanville would hardly hear of their departure, and taking Elizabeth aside, insisted on her thinking her house her home. Elizabeth was somewhat embarrassed, but with an address quite her own, painted her obligations to remain with the Bouchiers; adding, her Ladyship's friendship in all situations, would animate her pleasures, and lessen every care. Lady Glanville was satisfied, and made Miss Bouchier and Elizabeth many valuable presents.

Colonel

Colonel Medway sincerely regretted their departure. They stood next in his esteem to Sybella Perryn, whose return seemed uncertain. The Colonel was intimately acquainted with Mr. Lumley, and corresponded with him. In short, a series of letters passed amongst all the parties already described, which may serve to shew them, in their several situations, more forcibly than by narrative.

C H A P. XX.

Stephen Perryn to Charles Bouchier.

“ I CAN easily believe the return of your sister and Miss Percy has restored your society to its wonted animation. I do not see why you should be displeased at the notice Lady Glanville deigns to take of her fair cousin. Will you never dispossess yourself of those obsolete notions, that true merit should be the sole magnet for esteem? I agree with you, that had Lady Glanville found Miss Percy in the dependent state she imagined her to be, she would just have said, “ You are a very discreet young

young woman ; continue prudently to catch the smile, and dread the frown of all who favour you, and you are sure of bread ;” and in giving such wholesome advice, her Ladyship would have thought she gave sufficient ; but finding Elizabeth careffed, adored, and not needing her protection, she is lavish of affection, and in all probability will give substantial proofs of it ; and what signifies to Miss Percy, whether she derives an advantage from real or forced sentiment.

“ Yesterday’s post brought a letter from Lord Carey, graciously assenting to my wishes, and equivocally wishing me all the happiness he feels. The poor man is in the right to make the best of
G 6 his

his fate; for my part I condemn him not for following his inclinations, and that I am an individual not wholly unconcerned in his procedure, you will not scruple to allow.

“ My sister tells me Maria Digby is on the point of marriage with Frank Lumley. His preference to her, at Carey-manor was obvious; for both their sakes I am glad it is brought to so speedy a conclusion; on his side, that he has made so prudent a choice (for Lumley's failing is being a dupe to women) on her's, that she will be the wife of a young fellow with one of the best hearts in the world.

“ It was a fortunate stroke that jilt, Miss Drummond, did not draw him in to

marry her. His father got an insight, and penetrated too deeply into the lady's scheme for her purpose, so she decamped, but not time enough to save her credit. Lumley was well nigh sick of rescuing virtue in distress; (you have heard the story in town) yet such is his tenderness for the sex, that I verily believe he would turn knight-errand again on a like occasion.

“ When the heart overflows with the milk of human kindness, it is right to dispense it among the hundred, though ninety-nine may have no right to a portion. This doctrine, I know, suits you. You have said the fear of being imposed on was the excuse of the niggard; yet you stand in no need of charity to veil
your

your sins. I think from Lumley's failings, I have skipped to your perfections, which theme will doubtless leave you in a pleasant temperament of mind, so adieu.

“STEPHEN PERRYIN.”

Miss Perryn to Miss Percy.

“ I HAVE scribbled so much of late to my dear Lucy, that I feel inclined to ingratiate myself with a new correspondent to give her a respite ; besides I think I am equally indebted to you both, for several inuendoes, concerning a certain person. So you really felt him *au desespoir* ? A true soldier, my dear Elizabeth, is so much a slave to his country, that, independent of it, few subjects

subjects can long affect him. A man thirsting after fame, must be insensible to the little ambitions of domestic life. In short, I would shun a soldier for a husband, as I would any man with a prior and unconquerable attachment; and I have other reasons; I grieve for my loyal countrymen, who are daily slain, with unfeigned sorrow, for one as much as another; then surely war and the rumours of war, are sufficiently horrible without engaging in an union that would render every terror tenfold.

“ But of terrors no more. Let me inform you, that on Tuesday, a formidable old gentleman, in a long gown, but I do not say he was a conjuror, transformed Maria Digby into Mrs Lumley.

Lumley. By the bye, this changing the name is an awkward circumstance; I think I could not endure to be clumsily ycleped, yet, famous as I am for raising objections, I should fear a laugh against me for refusing a man because his name broke my teeth to utter; or one whose name slipped off the tongue without conveying one idea of the possessor's consequence. — With all these digressions I shall never get through the history of the wedding, which, though not marvellous, may be interesting.

“ The ceremony was performed at ten o'clock, in the village church, by the Reverend Dr. Newton, in the presence of Maria's parents, Sir James Lumley, Miss Musgrave, and myself. Miss Musgrave

grave very inconveniently fainted away. Maria looked self-accused; and when she recovered, we all assisted the foolish girl to complain of a violent pain in her side; though it was evident, an idea that she was in love with Lumley had made her believe a fainting fit was indispensable, when he was uniting himself to another. You know I am not apt to be uncharitable, but in Miss Musgrave there is such a mixture of folly and affectation, it is impossible to construe her actions amiably.

“On our return from church we passed the day much in the usual stile, till after dinner, when we dressed for a ball, given to the neighbourhood. The bride and bridegroom looked divinely,
the

the whole assembly brilliant; in fine, the day began with a serious dance to the tune of matrimony, and ended with a comic one to the tune of the Cassino, in which eleven more couples than one were indefatigably engaged.

“ You see Maria did not run off with her husband the moment the knot was tied, but celebrates the wedding in a good old-fashioned stile, at the mansion of her ancestors. A week is to be passed here most joyously; the rich entertained, and the poor amply relieved; after that we are to remove the scene to Lumley’s estate in Cornwall.

“ I know not how I shall settle it at home to be so long absent; but I do
not

not believe Mrs. Lumley will dispense with my company till our friend Lucy particularly demands it. My kindest remembrance to all your party.

“SYBELLA PERRYNN.”

Colonel Medway to Mr. Lumley.

“MAY happiness and you, my friend, go hand in hand! May the ecstasies of a delighted imagination be realized in the minutest point! Such are the effusions of my heart on your marriage; and such, I believe, will be your lot, from the very amiable character I hear of your bride. I find she had just taken her leave of Miss Perryn, when I arrived in London, by which means I missed

missed that opportunity of being introduced to her; a pleasure I shall now be doubly interested in attaining.

“ I should be very happy to follow your example, in commencing Benedict, but such is the perverseness of my fate, that the profession I hoped would render me more deserving, obstructs my dearest views. Pray, dear Lumley, when you and your wife, and the charming Sybella, are in social chat, each harmonized by smiling felicity, throw in a good word for the army.

“ Were I to renounce a military life, I have dared to hope Miss Perryn would repay me for the sacrifice; and at times the conflict distresses me. I love her,
yet

yet I love my country; can I leave the latter object of my regard to struggle with her combined enemies, and attach myself wholly to the former, who is free from oppression and care? No! I never can call Sybella mine upon her own conditions; not, at least, till the peaceful olive-branch overspreads the land, and, flourishing, denotes my country's welfare. What joy it would be to do away all scruples, and, if I win the laurels soldiers hope for, have her fair hand to bind them on my brow.

“ I am to pass this evening at Lady Glanville's. When Miss Bouchier and Miss Percy were there, her house had wonderful attractions; and since that her Ladyship actually looks on me

as •

as a necessary appendage to her card-table. Miss Boucheir is very amiable, and her beauty has made some noise; but Elizabeth Percy's unobtrusive loveliness, and uncommon sweetness of disposition, interested me beyond expression. I can only account for it by the attention she granted me on the subject nearest my heart. "Miss Perryn," she would say, "has a superior understanding, and excellent heart; the sprightliness of her disposition may lead her to assume a waywardness, but, trust me, she is a stranger to every blameable sentiment, and will make you happy."—— How soothing was such language! and what right had I to Miss Percy's sympathy? but it is her nature to obey every gentle impulse. May she be happy

as

as she deserves ; yet I find, young as she is, she has borne many sorrows.

“ I have the pleasure to tell you my father’s health is nearly restored, which removes my anxieties on his account, and animates me with the hope of seeing him. A kinder parent never existed, or a better man. He will be pleased to find he can be introduced to Miss Percy, whose family I have heard him mention with some emotion. Beg the ladies to accept my very best respects, and believe me

“ Ever your’s,

“ AUGUSTUS MEDWAY.”

Miss

Miss Perryn to Miss Percy.

“WE left Digby-house on the day appointed; the gloominess of the weather rendered our journey rather uncomfortable; for, though the latter end of June, we have scarcely yet been animated by the effulgent beams of summer. The ringers in every town strove to cheer us with the loudest peals, and Lumley so well satisfied them, that they would gladly have showered blessings on the new married pair, with each pull of the ropes.

“Lumley seems the happiest mortal imaginable, so replete with life and gaiety, that I sometimes remind him of
the

the grave character, as a married man, he ought to assume : but I am grieved to observe Maria's spirits are not in union with his ; the reason, for the life of me, I cannot guess ; to the parting from her parents, some tears were just tributes to their tenderness, of which a filial remembrance should doubtless remain, but not so as to sadden the hours an adoring husband, the man of her choice, unremittingly endeavours to render happy. To me it is a serious affliction, to see her natural gaiety depressed ; but if I ask the cause, she answers shortly, observation pains her, and she cannot suppress her feelings. To Lumley she rather wears the face of happiness ; and though she is no adept in dissimulation, he is hitherto deceived. Much as I love

Maria I cannot help blaming her. Has she any sorrow on her heart, why not unfold it to him who ought to share her every thought? After all I will answer for it, she has only imbibed some whimsical idea, which, on being known, would disperse in a laugh.

“ Sir James Lumley set off for Berkshire, when we came hither; his son and daughter are to visit him in August, and he kindly asked me to be of the party; but I rather think I shall be otherwise engaged.

“ Perhaps you expect a picturesque description of Sunning-hill; Lumley has purchased this retreat since he came of age,

age, and both the situation and improvements credit his taste.

“Sturdy oaks, towering poplars, and willows, drooping over the clearest streams, most luxuriantly enrich a landscape, your pencil might elegantly portray, but for me, I have neither skill enough at my pen or pencil, to do justice to the scene.

“To-morrow we are to appear at church, after which I will tell you what sort of neighbours Maria is likely to have. Whilst I write to you Lucy equally shares my thoughts, so it matters not which I address; I love you both, a truth, my dear Elizabeth, I

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will

will instantly attest, by signing my name,

“SYBELLA PERRYN.”

Mr. Lumley to Colonel Medway.

“THE good wishes of a friend are at all times acceptable. Your’s, dear Medway, are particularly grateful to my heart, and would have been still more so had you personally bestowed them.

“The queen of your desires, I have the pleasure to inform you, is well and happy, if one may credit the gay heralds of content, which deck her countenance; but, perverse as she is, she will not yield a jot of her opinion respecting

specting the army. I tell her, as strata-
gems are held lawful in love and war, I
will persuade you to deceive her into a
belief that you have given up arms, and
not change the idea till she is unalterably
your's.

“Colonel Medway will never practise
such arts, at the instigation of any per-
son; arts that might secure my hand,
but totally estrange my heart.”

“Then why, Sybella, do you tanta-
lize my friend, whom you acknowledge
to esteem? If you mean, by delaying,
to give his happiness a greater zest, you
may, as many of your sex have done,
counteract your aim, creating disgust, in
lieu of an ardent love.

H 3

“Very

“ Very fine, Mr. Lumley. Is it thus I am to be lectured ? You are a perfect Israelite, not to let a poor woman have a will of her own. I do not mean to coquet with Colonel Medway, but my conduct results from a determined resolution never to marry a foldier. My reasons you have many times heard.”

“ Thus, my friend, I give you our conversation verbatim, leaving you to make what comments you please.

“ We shall remain at Sunning-hill three weeks longer. Since I have been so unsuccessful, come and plead for yourself. You shall be witness to the domestic charms of my dear Maria, whose inclinations are hospitable as my own. Re-
fist

list not our united wishes to see you.
By agreeably surprising Sybella, you may
spring a mine of unexpected happiness.

“Your’s ever,

“FRANCIS LUMLEY.”

C H A P. XXI.

COLONEL Medway very shortly obeyed the friendly summons. His appearance greatly surprised Miss Peryn in his visit to Sunning-hill. She felt a compliment to herself, which both pleased and pained her. The latter, because an adopted opinion withheld her from returning the attention as her heart dictated. She was chagrined too Colonel Medway should see her friend to a disadvantage, for Mrs. Lumley really seemed to suffer accutely from some hidden grief. Her husband began to perceive the change, and though she feigned

ed

ed indisposition, to silence enquiries, he saw through the veil. In short, the scene was nearly reversed from joy to utter disquietude, when a letter, from Elizabeth to Sybella, solved the mystery.

“WELL might Mrs. Lumley be depressed; and happy am I that it is in my power to relieve her mind. You may remember, whilst at Lady Glanville’s, Miss Bouchier’s woman obliged her; and her place was supplied by a young person of her milliner’s recommendation. This morning, whilst Whitmore was dressing Lucy, we talked of writing to you, and chatted in obscure terms on the surprising change in your friend. I observed Whitmore turn

pale, and tremble so violently that she could scarcely hold a pin. I asked her if she was ill? "No;" said she, "I am not ill, nor have I injured the lady; but I very well know who has." I begged her to explain herself, and she began as follows:

"Miss Drummond and I were school-fellows. A rich, old uncle thought fit to give me an education, but has since married his housekeeper, and deserted me. About the time he began to neglect me, Mr. Drummond died, and soon after his wife, so that their daughter and I were just in similar situations, penniless; without any subsistence but such as we could earn; and being brought

brought up with some expectation, we had only received the ornamental, without the useful part of education.

“Marianne had beauty, I had none. She pursued a path I had no temptation to tread, and I trust had I been endowed like her, my inclinations would have differed. Such has been her life that I blush to say I have corresponded with her; though if good should come out of evil, I shall be reconciled to having felt the remains of a childish friendship, and suffered her to write to me.”

“Saying so, Whitmore produced Miss Drummond’s last letter, which letter proves of such consequence that I

transmit it, without delay, to Sunninghill, where I trust it will apply specific balsam to the wounded peace of your dear Maria; who, I trust, will take warning by this affair, not to admit, a second time, jealousy, and all its train of evils, to corrode her breast. May this trifling interruption endear her felicity, and Mr. and Mrs. Lumley long remain patterns of conjugal love.

“ I will only add, I think your correspondence both a pleasure and improvement; I am daily grateful for having such examples as your's and Miss Bouchier's. Through the amiable Charles they were presented to my view; I cannot better merit his partiality than by
copying

copying the virtues I admire. This is not compliment, but the unaffected sentiments of

“ Your obliged,

“ ELIZABETH PERCY.”

Miss Drummond to Sally Whitmore,

(enclosed in the preceding.) ¶

“ And shall Semanthe triumph in my spoils.”

“ NO, Whitmore, it must not be; I have hit on a scheme to frustrate Lumley's present happiness. Such a letter have I written to the bride, as I trust will prove an unfailing opiate, to lull asleep her conjugal tenderness, and
overspread

overspread her countenance with all the obvious gloom of secret grief. Behold, Sally, the tale, I anonymously conveyed to this invader of my rights.

“ A true friend to Mrs. Lumley takes this method to inform her she is an injured bride, least by remaining in a state of ignorance, she may miss an opportunity of reclaiming the most libertine of men. The mournful plaints of deluded innocence rise in judgment against the specious deceiver, and render him every way unworthy the confidence you have been pleased to repose in him.

“ Marianne Drummond was the pride of her parents, the delight of all who knew her ; but her parents died, and
though

though they had supported her in affluence, could only leave her indigence and the world to combat with. Could youth and innocence be encompassed by more powerful adversaries? Behold her on the point of being sacrificed at the shrine of guilt, by a female fiend of the age! Further, behold the artful Lumley vow to rescue her from scenes so dreadful to her nature, and cruelly ensnare the poor deluded into that bottomless gulph she thought she had escaped. Marianne's eyes soon opened to the wrongs she had received. She demanded justice, but the boon was craved in vain. On which she vowed to live no longer in the violation of the laws of Heaven, and flew from Lumley as her greatest foe.

“What

“What is become of the wretched victim is not known; nor will I aggravate your husband’s guilt by suppositions of the misery he has tacked to her wretched existence. In thus dragging away her load of life, Marianne is to be pitied; but your situation, saving the conscious innocence you are blessed with, is still more to be commiserated. I mean in being united to so vile a man. Depend on it he is at this time under the influence of a like connexion. I have authority for what I say; yet I fear attempting to bring his black deeds to light would be a needless exertion, as he is too much past a sense of shame to confess or renounce his crime.

“Some

“ Some time hence you possibly may know more of me ; but at present I shall only conclude myself,

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ ANONYMOUS.”

“ Well, Sally, how think you this composition will operate? No necessity, you know, to mention how I weeped and wailed to induce him to take me from a certain situation, when I was by no means affected ; neither did it answer my purpose to add that the Puritnnical wretch treated me as a sifler. Never shall I forget his curious harangue the last morning I saw him.

“ My ,

“ My dear Miss Drummond, I have been wishing to place you in a situation, such as your own just ideas would deem eligible;” here he paused, now, thought I, my gentleman is coming to the point; my arts of modesty, and feminine reserve, put on as I would a gown or a cap, have become me so well, that the conquest is secured; so was I buoyed up; when lo, he thus proceeded. “ A very good, old lady, a great aunt of mine,” now what on earth could I suppose the dowager had to do in the business, but die and leave us a fortune? No, no; she was to be a principal actress in the drama. Her eye-sight began to fail her, as was the misfortune of her family, when they counted, like herself, good seventy-two; and she wanted a young person

person to pore over her pious folios, and read the news for recreation, while she mumbled her breakfast. In short, my faculties were to be devoted to supply the deficiency of her's; and for being in every respect the sport of her humours, I might, whilst she lived, be rewarded with a salary insufficient to pay my hair-dresser, and come in at her demise, for some of her fiery crimson damasks, or tawdry brocades! Rather would I be a toad the harrow crushes, for there would be an end of me; but in accepting the employment designed me by my gallant lover, I doomed myself to a whole life of bondage. Was it in nature not to be in a passion? My rage was positively such, that I believe I frightened

frightened the insolent author of it, who turned on his heel and left me.

“ The next morning who should be announced, but Sir James Lumley!— He was come, he said, “ to advise with with me as a friend. My connexion with his son, from whom he had heard particulars, however innocent it might in reality be, had an ill appearance in the eye of the world.

“ I declare, Sally, I thought the father, notwithstanding his long-winded speech, as agreeable as the son, and it was not improbable that he might be more generous ; with this notion I began to play off a few graces, but they
passed

passed unheeded by the Baronet, who continued talking of my imprudence, in being dependent on a young man. To be brief, he gave me a twenty pound note, and begged I would never see his son again. Indeed, from my behaviour the preceding day, he was pleased to add, Frank had renounced me.

“ I was completely mortified, that the ridiculous boy should go, with his finger in his eye, to his father, and send him to insult me. However I had no alternative but submitting to their determinations; but I have followed Lumley in all his movements. I am not three miles from him at this time; when I think he is sufficiently tired of his wife's gloominess, I shall carelessly fall in
in

in his way; and I am greatly deceived if the event is not to my wishes.

“ Thus have I unveiled to you my present ideas, and shall be happy to hear from you, especially if you enter with spirit into my proceedings; but a fe-date, sober mortal, like you, I fear, has little genius to admire the just strokes I would level at usurped happiness. Do you know, Sally, humility is your bane? I do not tell you you are handsome, but your person is not despicable, and might place you in a better sphere than that of an Abigail. Were we together, I should not despair of converting you to my opinion, for I verily believe you love me against your reason.

“ Adieu!

“ Adieu ! Burn this, least you should drop it; and the contents, I am apt to suppose, would neither credit you, or,

“ MARIANNE DRUMMOND.”

Miss Perryn to Miss Percy.

“ YOUR packet, my dear Elizabeth, has wholly dispersed the mist that prevailed at Sunning-hill. The hour before it arrived, Lumley surprised his wife in one of those fits of weeping she has of late indulged in, to vary her employments. So sad an appearance occasioned the tenderest interrogations, which encreased Maria's affliction, having wisely resolved to conceal the subject,

ject, and withhold any answer that might lead to an explanation. Lumley was shocked at her reserve. I, you know, had long been pained by it; neither soothing or reproaches could induce her to confide in me.

“We were sitting like three very uneasy beings when your letter arrived. Whilst reading the vile enclosure, how my blood ebbed and flowed! now mantled in my face with indignation, then collected about my heart, almost to suffocation; but when I communicated the contents, Lumley’s expressive countenance flashed anger and astonishment; and Maria, trembling, though joyfully, declared her grief was explained, and
done

done away; the sudden tide of pleasure nearly overpowered her.

“Lumley affectionately calmed her emotions, but when she quite recovered reproved her want of confidence. “If,” said she, “you are angry, I am still wretched; I only feared a prior engagement claimed your heart, though I believed you were now devoted to me; and far from crediting the horrid calumny, I merely believed it the malice of disappointed love.”

“To be brief, Maria, with her ahs! and ohs! her beliefs, her fears, concessions, and repentance, reinstated herself and Lumley in all possible felicity; and in that state may they long remain,

without any further interludes of so unpleasant a nature.

“ I am to say many handsome things to you, for the friendly interest you have in the business, and shall not fail to carry Sally Whitmore a grateful token of Mr. and Mrs. Lumley’s favour. They beg she will not relinquish her correspondence with Miss Drummond, as a knowledge of her proceedings may not be amiss. We intend to discover her retreat, which she says is so near. It would be impossible to be inattentive to so interesting a neighbour.

“ Lumley and Maria go into Berkshire about ten days hence ; at the same time I go to London, where I hope to find

find my brother. Bless me! who do you think is just arrived? Even Colonel Medway. I am surprised, and must conclude.

"Your's ever,

"SYBELLA PERRYNN."

From the sam to the same.

"HAVING pondered on the abrupt conclusion of my last, and thinking it may occasion strange constructions, I am determined to write you a long methodical letter, with as much composure as if no addition to our party had animated the scene. You know I never

deny Colonel Medway's merits as a friend and companion, though further the deponent saith not.

“ Yesterday Lumley drove Maria in his phaeton, and Colonel Medway and I accompanied them on horseback; a violent storm came on suddenly, and we, in the equestrian stile, galloped on for shelter. We got admittance at a neighbouring farm-house, where a lady came out of the parlour, and with the most winning address, begged we would walk in. Not many minutes after, Mr. and Mrs. Lumley drove up. The lady changed colour as she viewed them, upon which it struck me that she must be Miss Drummond. An elegant woman, lodging at Farmer Davenant's, seemed

an

an exotic to the soil. In short, was enough to raise suspicions; and the entrance of Lumley confirmed them.

"Your servant, Miss Drummond," said he, "I am not sorry to see you."—She interrupted him with the utmost effrontery. "If you are not sorry, you may be ashamed, Sir, after the injuries you have done me."

"We will not determine at present, which is the injured person, you or I; for I will not detain my amiable wife in the company of so abandoned a woman; but I must explain myself, and repeat, I am glad to see you, because it gives me an opportunity of informing you, my felicity has too firm a basis to be

shaken by the futile attempts of malice." So saying, (and conscious rectitude gave him new dignity) he led his wife out of the room; who trembled like an aspin-leaf, for really her late disquietudes have in some degree weakened her spirits.

"Medway was surpris'd at the scene; and, on being told the particulars, execrated Miss Drummond's proceedings. She is certainly a beautiful creature; nor can I wonder at the men being so often duped, whilst such Circes exercise their arts.

"Company is expected to dinner; and I will tell you what sort of beings they are. Mr. and Mrs. Tracy are a middle-

middle-aged couple, with a son and two daughters; the husband and wife are perpetually bickering, from extreme tenderness; and the children, ignorant of all that passes, or ever did pass, on any spot but that of their birth; notability inculcated in the minds of the girls, as a cardinal virtue; and the cultivation of land, the furthest extent of the young man's knowledge. Mr. Tracy recommends his son as an example to his neighbours for managing acres; and Mrs. Tracy declares exultingly, her daughters know Glasse's Cookery by heart; and, young as they are, are qualified to manage a house and family.

“ Mrs. Tracy sometimes points her comments on notability at our friend

I 4 Maria;

Maria; thinking it her duty to inform the inexperienced; and Maria complaisantly appears to thirst for knowledge, where, in fact, she is a competent judge, in order to give the lady an opportunity of mounting her hobby. How true it is, that our best qualifications sometimes degenerate into foibles! and, what is worse, where most we err, we least suspect the error. Now I think of it, that is certainly my case, as well as my neighbour's; therefore do, my dear Elizabeth, take upon you the friendly office of exhibiting my prevailing foible; and let it be so clearly shewn, that those who run may read.

“ I said I would describe the guests expected; but, on reflection, they are
merely

merely those very good sort of people which speaks them valuable in domestic life, but convey so humble an idea, when we come to description, that you will be perfectly contented to leave Sir Harry and Lady Simpson to the commendable practice of hospitality, in all its branches; 'Squire Morley to the joys of the chace; and Mrs. Oldworth to dispense books of devotion, writing within the cover, *The gift of the pious Mrs. Ann Oldworth*; a lady abounding more in faith than works; but, "verily she may have her reward."

"I shall just have time to hear from you once more before I leave this. Believe me,

"Unfeignedly your's,

"SYBELLA PERRYIN."

The Answer.

“HALF jesting, half serious, you desire to know the foible by which your character is marked. You must first give me your word and honour that you will indeed correct it; and, on receiving such security, I will immediately describe the mighty blemish, not only so legibly that those who run, but those who gallop, may read. I can only compare it to a slip of the brush, in a beautiful portrait, which, the most heightened colouring cannot obscure.—Yes, my dear Sybella, my description shall be so pointed, that those of your acquaintance who imagine you faultless, (and some there

there are so partial) on being consulted, shall find themselves deceived. But possibly you rather wish your friends to think you all you ought to be, than what you really are; something pleasant in that, no doubt; yet self-condemnation shews the goodness of the heart; and, in the end, you may be better loved than ever. Miss Boucheir and I, in unison, declare, by renouncing your error, you will greatly encrease the affection we bear you. I trust this frankness will not offend you, and will drop the subject till you are pleased to renew it.

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Miss Drummond's correspondence; or, by useless remonstrances, banished her confidence. I think we may rest assured the lady is tired of scheming against Mr. Lumley's happiness, now she finds, like the chamomile, the more it is trodden on, the more it thrives.

"We begin to anticipate the pleasure of seeing you and Mr. S. Perryn, at the rectory; your brother having promised, in his last letter to Lucy, to bring you down, a few days after he arrives in London.

"Lucy and I are just returned from passing a few days with the Miss Haywards. You may remember we paid them a first visit when you were with us.

You

You called the father a surly Bashaw, which was but a just idea. The youngest girl is the pride of his heart. Anna sing, Anna read to me, or Anna ride with me, are his incessant requests; but poor Anna cannot sing, having neither voice or judgment; and the fond father, believing otherwise, frequently exposes his darling to ridicule, when he means to shew her off. She is conscious of her deficiency in vocal powers, and sometimes such squabbles arise as are truly unpleasant; but still the guests persist with the father, in teasing Anna to sing, imputing her reluctance to comply, to modest diffidence. "Exactly so," cries Mr. Hayward, and she is compelled to squeak and quiver to the best of her power.

"Her —

“ Her sister shines in this qualification ; indeed is accomplished in every respect. Isabella is not jealous of the preference her father shews Anna, but pines at his neglect of herself. Lucy and I both pity and love this amiable young woman, and, on her account, frequently visit Hayward-hall. Partiality in a mother is common ; but that a father should carry his fondness for one child beyond the bounds of justice to the other, is somewhat remarkable.

“ Adieu ! Your whole party have my warmest wishes for their happiness, and I am,

“ Ever your’s,

“ ELIZABETH PERCY.”

Miss

Miss Perryn to Miss Percy.

"I RECEIVED your's just as I was equipping myself for our journey, throughout which it served as a subject for meditation. Maria observed I was in a brown study; Lumley declared he had spoken to me several times without being vouchsafed an answer; and Colonel Medway offered to purchase my thoughts. I asked him peevishly, if he had been taking a lesson out of Swift's Polite Conversations. In short, was cross to them all. Now have you not a great deal to answer for, in spoiling one of the best tempers imaginable? However, pray tell me; no don't, neither. I am
in

in twenty minds about it. Will not my virtues shine more conspicuous for having a failing, by way of foible? Great beauties, you know, love to have a contrast by their side. There, you'll tell me I trip from the argument, observing, that intellectual merit may also derive an advantage from an unamiable character being present; but when virtues and foibles are blended in the same person, the latter, instead of heighthening, darkens the brightness of the other; and, to continue your simile of the painting, scarcely leaves the perfections discernable. Thus, all things considered, I must even condescend to view this error of mine, depicted by your saucy pen; and only on certain conditions am to be so far obliged. Well then, Elizabeth,

I give

I give you my word and honour I will righteously resolve to amend whatever you deem amiss. You perceive the spirit favours you ; but, should the flesh prove weak, place it to the account of human frailty.

“ We arrived in town on Thursday. Yesterday Lumley and Maria set off for Berkshire. They propose staying a month with Sir James, and proceeding from thence to Digby-house. Their further plan is not yet settled ; but I dare say we shall have them in town most part of the winter.

“ I had the pleasure to find my father and mother well. Stephen we expect almost hourly, and are rather surprised he

is not yet arrived. Something unforeseen must detain him; not much to his satisfaction, I dare aver.

“The Colonel is quite *en famille*; seeming to look on the week he past at Sunning-hill, to be at least a week's march towards the quarters he seems to desire; but, trust me, he will have so many marches and countermarches in the road to those, that he will make interest with *General Heart* to command him elsewhere.

“To-morrow I expect to hear from Maria. She will doubtless be visited by Lady Carey, who, with her Lord, has been some weeks at Carey-manor. My uncle, I suppose, takes the opportunity
of

of retirement to polish his rough diamond, so that on her return to London she will dazzle all beholders. *Tant mieux*, a lustre was certainly wanting.

"I shall be very happy to accompany Stephen to the rectory, which I think must end my rambles.

"Your's affectionately,

"SYBELLA PERRYN."

Miss Perryn to Miss Bouchier.

"I BESEECH you, dear Lucy, tell me if you have heard from Stephen. If you have not, and are not offended for

for yourself, I am offended for you.—
However ungenerous it may be to breed
diffension between two lovers, I shall be
tempted to do so, unless reasons, very
cogent, come time enough to prevent
me. You, I know, my dear, would
suffer grief to prey on your damask
cheek; nay, on your very vitals, rather
than turn vixen; that is, exert a proper
spirit in the cause, as I should do. My
displeasure being never of a tacit nature.
Sometimes indeed it evaporates in words,
and I trust, in the present case, I shall
have no cause to retain it.

“Why does not Elizabeth begin to
preach, on that agreeable text my pre-
vailing error. I told her I meant to be
all attention, since which she has been
silent;

silent; and, I am apt to suppose, repents her wish to humble my vanity.

“ I have just heard from Mrs. Lumley. Lady Carey was one of her first visitors. She says her Ladyship's appearance promises fair to give us a little relation, which we may all like very well when it comes, but should be better pleased if it staid away.

“ Lady Carey is enamoured of Careymanor, she says the gardens are as fine as *Fox-ball*, and *Indigo Jones* has made the house, *a vast grand place*. What musical observations to my uncle's ear! I think he must have wished Miss Bridget Browne had been left to squeeze the indigo she could not forget.

“ I think

“I think Maria begins to play off some airs of consequence now she is married. I will give you a specimen of her matron-like strains. “Suffer me, my dear Sybella, to say two words in favour of the worthy Colonel. Do not, I pray you, for your own sake, persist in your whimsical objections. Surely it is the man, not the profession, which demands attention. Only tell me, can you find any person more deserving the highest confidence you can place in him? Your own heart must acknowledge the impossibility of that. Besides, does not your hero promise to follow your plan, when his country no longer needs his assistance? What can you desire more?”

“The

“The Colonel’s promise is really diverting! Yes, yes; it is but too probable he may not only give up arms, but legs, before the present tumults are assuaged. He reminds me of the fly on the axle-tree. Oh, what a dust we make! said the fly.—I must assist my country, (as if his country would be lost without him) says the Colonel.—But, jesting apart. I begin to be a little embarrassed on the subject; for my father *urges fais*, and my mother does not speak, but with looks, more importunate than words, expressed her thoughts. Assist me, dear girl, in this dilemma, and believe me,

“Your’s affectionately,

“SYBELLA PERRYIN.”

Miss

Miss Drummond to Sally Whitmore.

“ I NEVER recollected not having given you a direction to me in Cornwall, until I was on the point of quitting that county, so I cannot blame you for being silent.

“ Pray, Sally, did you not applaud the manœuvre, I told you in my last? Ah, who could have thought such well planned schemes would have proved abortive? But so things are. Think what I endured in an interview with Lumley and his detested wife! I was drenched with sounds of their happiness. At present I appear vanquished; but the flames kindled in my breast, of jealousy

lousy and envy are unabated, and when I think they have forgot me, shall again burst forth. In the mean time I am amusing myself at Edinburgh, under the name of Fitzgerald. The fair, and amiable widow is the reigning toast. At fifteen an Irish fortune-hunter ran away with me from a boarding-school. On our return from Gretna Green he obtained my portion, that being independent, and to be paid on my marriage; but a reconciliation could never be effected with my family, which rendered me completely wretched; for I soon found my husband ill qualified to supply the loss of other friends. In short, he rioted in excesses of every kind, till he spent every shilling he got with me, and died in the King's-Bench; on which I

flew to the only friend who had pitied me, who has now brought me to pass a month with her in Scotland, and does not despair of re-instating me with my family, on our return to London.

“ The English of this is, that I have made it worth Mrs. Wilfon’s while, with whom I once lodged, to accompany me hither, and act the Chaperon. She is a pleasant woman, what the French call *une femme d’une certaine age*, wholly fitted for the part she acts. You will wonder at my changing my name without act of parson or parliament; truly I have no other view in it than to keep up the dear ball of variety, which is my darling game.

“ I have

“ I have just began an attack on a gentleman of the university, of the name of Perryn. He calls me his dear, beautiful countrywoman ; rejoices I am freed from a bad husband, and hopes I shall soon find another, who will make me in better humour with wedlock. Stephen Perryn does not yet aspire himself to the agreeable task, but all in good time. I have already had sufficient influence to keep him longer in Scotland than he intended. By my looks I performed this; my words are to a different tendency.

“ Fly, Sir, to the friends who expect you. Perhaps some happy fair one waits but your return to possess you with her heart and hand.” Which is more than
I know,

I know, though not more than I believe,
the youth sighs so at the intimation. I
care not; the more ties he has on his
conscience the greater will be my tri-
umph in loosing them. After so bril-
liant an idea I can only add,

“ I remain your’s,

“ MARIANNE DRUMMOND.”

END OF VOL. I.



